

### The Story of a Shipwreck.

Had Sirrah the Sailor been an orator and related to a wonder-loving audience the history of an eighth voyage, he could have told no wilder tale than the story of the crew of the Polar. Hal Charles Rude committed the luckless Doctor Slaine to the laves of an ice-floe, and the tender mercies of polar bears; had he kept him for six months together, half-starved, freezing, famished, useless, powerless, and then delivered him, alive, well and hopeful, to a fortuitous steamboat, and subsequent home and friends, the indignant critics would not have left that preposterous novel a literary leg to stand upon. Yet Captain Tyron, late Commander of that gaudy craft, the Polar Bell, is a simple master who speaks the words of truth and soberness, and neither the Arabian Nights Entertainments nor the Novel of the Period can match the marvels of his experience.

In the autumn of 1871 the Polar disappeared from sight and knowledge in the arctic Arctic annals. The general world, sewing and respiring, and gathering into barns, forgot her very existence. The few who remembered it—Government officials, scientific men, editors, and the wives and families of her little crew—hoped and feared, trusting in the courage and the skill of Captain Hall and the excellent outfit of the ship, not knowing, for all that, where men came back from expeditions to the Pole, it is as if they rose from the dead.

Out of the silence of two years there were whispering news from the ghostly ship. She sailed further into the frozen waste than bark had sailed before. Her captain, out cast with that, and impatient for a glimpse of the wan sea, the thought of where ebb and flow had all his life so forced his imagination, pushed on with sledges to a point never reached by man. Returning, eager and anxious and sure that he saw the beginning of the end, he was taken suddenly ill and died. It is a weird picture, that of the man toiling for two days to open a grave four feet deep, and laying their leader down to sleep in the lonely shadow of the Arctic night. But it is never sorrowful, that a man should give his life for an idea. And no other end but that of triumphant discovery could fully have closed the day of the heroic dreamer.

That winter the Polar lay on her beam-ends among the icebergs. Through one hundred and thirty-five days of darkness her men waited with patient patience for the kindly sun. In August the ice broke a little, and they started for the south. In October, a great gale caught them and threw the ship on her beam-ends on an ice-floe. It seemed that she must go to pieces, and orders were given to land the provisions and trust to the possible chance of the ice-field. When half the work was done, the great mass on which the ship rested crushed off, and she took the water, drifting rapidly northward with fourteen souls on board.

On the ice-floe were eighteen, and among them a little baby two months old. They had provisions, and they hoped to be rescued in the morning, and the first night passed not wearily. But the next day, though the Polar came in sight, under full sail and steam, she passed off to the east of them, impinges against the driving ice, and was gone. In that wide world of frigidity they were adrift. They had food for two months. Captain Tyron said: "We must scraping and make it serve for five months." They had no shelter. Captain Tyron said: "We must build snow-huts." The ice broke again and again. But under Captain Tyron's vigorous care they saved their scanty stores. Sometimes they shot a bear or a seal, and then they were full fed, and even had the luxury of a light. Sometimes, for days and days, their fire was scanty fuel and the drip of melted ice. Sometimes the freezing sea washed over them, and they clung by ropes to the bunches of stones. On Christmas Day they had a royal feast of a few thin slices of their last ham and two small biscuits apiece. On New Year's Day, they had only provisions and water.

Yet through all this time of aimless, helpless, midnight drifting, these men and women seem never to have lost courage. As they floated in the darkness whether the wind swept them, one of the women often sang the few songs they all knew, and the rest of them made such chorus as they could.

### A Practical Test.

A Duxbury man named Reubens recently saw a statement that counting one hundred thousand to speak an angry word would save a man a great deal of trouble. This statement sounded a little singular at first, but the more he read it over, the more favorably he became impressed with it, and finally concluded to adopt it. Next door to Reubens lives a man who has made five distinct attempts in the past fortnight to secure a dinner of green peas by the 1st of July, and every time he has been retarded by Reubens' best. The next morning after Reubens had made his resolution, this man found his fifth attempt to have miscarried. Then he called on Reubens. He said:

"What in thunder do you mean by letting your men up my garden?"

Reubens was prompted to call him a modoc, a name just coming into general use, but he remonstrated his resolution, put down his rage, and merely observed:

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight—"

Then the mad neighbor, who had been crying this answer with a great deal of suspicion, broke out again:

"Why, do you answer my question, you rascal?"

But Reubens still maintained his equanimity, and went on with the test.

"Nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen—"

The mad neighbor stared harder than ever.

"Seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty, twenty-one—"

You are a mean skunk," said the mad neighbor, looking toward the fence.

Reubens' face flushed at this charge, but he only said:

"Twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five, twenty-six—"

At this figure the neighbor got up on the fence in some haste, but suddenly thinking of his pea, he opened his mouth:

"You mean, low-lived rascal, for two cents I could knock your cracked head over a barn, and I would—"

"Twenty-seven, twenty-eight," interrupted Reubens, "twenty-nine, thirty, thirty-one, thirty-two, thirty-three—"

Here the neighbor broke for the house, and entering it violently slammed the door behind him; but Reubens did not dare let up on the countenance, and so he stood out there alone in his own yard, and kept on counting, while his burning cheeks and flashing eyes eloquently affirmed his judgment. When he got into the eighties his wife came to the door in some alarm.

"Why, Reubens, man, what is the matter with you?" she said. "Do come into the house."

But he didn't let up. She came out to him, and clung trembling to him, but he only looked into her eyes, and said:

"Ninety-three, ninety-four, ninety-five, ninety-six, ninety-seven, ninety-eight, ninety-nine, one hundred—go into the house, old woman, or I'll beat ye."

A Des Moines, Iowa woman, not only cured her husband of using tobacco by giving him morphine, but obtained a nice black suit on long time.

And she went for the man.—Duxbury News.

### Late Foreign Items.

It is asserted that three out of every five matches made at Saratoga end by an appeal to the divine courts.

It was necessary to postpone a funeral in Baltimore, because all the carriages in the city had been engaged by visitors to the race-course.

Mr. Beecher's salary as pastor of Plymouth Church was \$1,500 in 1847, and is \$20,000 now. The membership has increased in the same time from 21 to 3,300.

The latest labor-saving invention is a tool-pick that picks both rows of front teeth at once. A leading advantage of it, according to the inventors, is that it can also be used as a comb.

A Duxbury man, who has been married thirty-five years, says there is more power for evil in a small rug carpet than has been down six months than there is in a twelve-barrel tank of whisky.

A preacher who rode to meeting with his cart before his horse pranced from a seat as announced by him, "And the cock wept thrice, and Pepe went on and crowed twice."

Think of two thousand persons sailing from New York in one day on a visit to Europe. This was actually the case a few weeks ago. All the best places in the steamer were filled.

Dover, N. H., is two hundred and fifty years old, and contains just 302 houses. There were two years when they built three houses per year, which explains the odd numbers.

An exchange says that we have a right to take an umbrella or a kiss without permission whenever we can. Well, but if the umbrella isn't returned, the fault is ours; if the kiss isn't, it is the lady's.

The precocious school-boy who, quoting from a distinguished statesman, said he "knew no North, no South," was surprised to find himself at the bottom of the class in geography.

The Chicago *Tele-Globe*, describing the children at the Jubilee, speaks of the "whispers of 15,000 children's mouths and the patter and shuffle of 15,000 children's feet."

"Do bats ever fly in the daytime?" asked a teacher of his class in natural history. "Yes, sir," said the boys confidently. "What kind of bats?" exclaimed the astonished teacher. "Brick-knives," yelled the triumphant boys.

The little son of a very prominent minister said to his father: "Pa, St. Paul was a Yankee." How do you know that, my son?" "Why, sir, in the 12th verse of the eighth chapter of Romans, it says: 'For I reckon.' None but Yankees say reckon."

What is the difference between you and my old doll?" asked a little girl of her sister's snobbish beau. "Aw—well, my little doll, I can't say—aw—" "Well, you have an eye-glass, and my old doll has a glass-eye," said the triumphant architect.

One of the fruit-dealers of Portland caught an onion stealing naps, and proceeded to execute condign punishment. The boy begged to be released, because he had just been vaccinated from a fresh cow. "What has that to do with it?" shouted the infuriated fruit-dealer. "She was a hooligan, and it got into my blood," was the whimpering reply.

On the 1st of July the free transmission of exchange newspapers ceased. The New York Sun announces that on and after that date it will not be sent in exchange, and will not receive exchanges. Such papers as it deserves it will subscribe and pay for, and those journals wishing the Sun must do likewise.

A Memorial, signed by nearly 1,000 women, praying for a repeal of the social evil regulating system in practice in St. Louis, has been presented to the City Council, and referred to the Sanitary Committee. Both the moral and the physical results of the system, have been demonstrated to be pernicious.

A visitor was examining a class in a Sunday school recently, and asked the question: "Why did Joseph dream in Egypt until his brethren should return with Benjamin?" A teacher endeavored to prompt one of the boys, and whispered to him to answer that he was detained as a hostage. "The boy, not catching the exact sound, startled the visitor by piping out,

"Please, sir, he was detained for postage!"

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Ere as wisdom and bright as snow;  
From the roof of heaven to bring  
Thee the golden bough to bring.  
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### The Little People.

A chin that's never shaved—An arch in.

Next hop—What is the capital of Louisiana?

Boy: It hasn't got none; the Kellogg sellers have none.

A Boston firm of clothiers have got out patent trousseau for bays, with copper rivets and steel knee-plates.

A schoolmaster on being asked what was meant by the word "fortification," answered, "Two twentysixes make a fortification."

A new street scholar has put on paper the fact that he would rather be a little girl and obey his mother than be a dog and obey the moon.

A little boy asked a lady who made her teeth "My Creator," she replied. "Well," said the youngster, "Dy—made my ma's, and they were too bad out of sight."

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